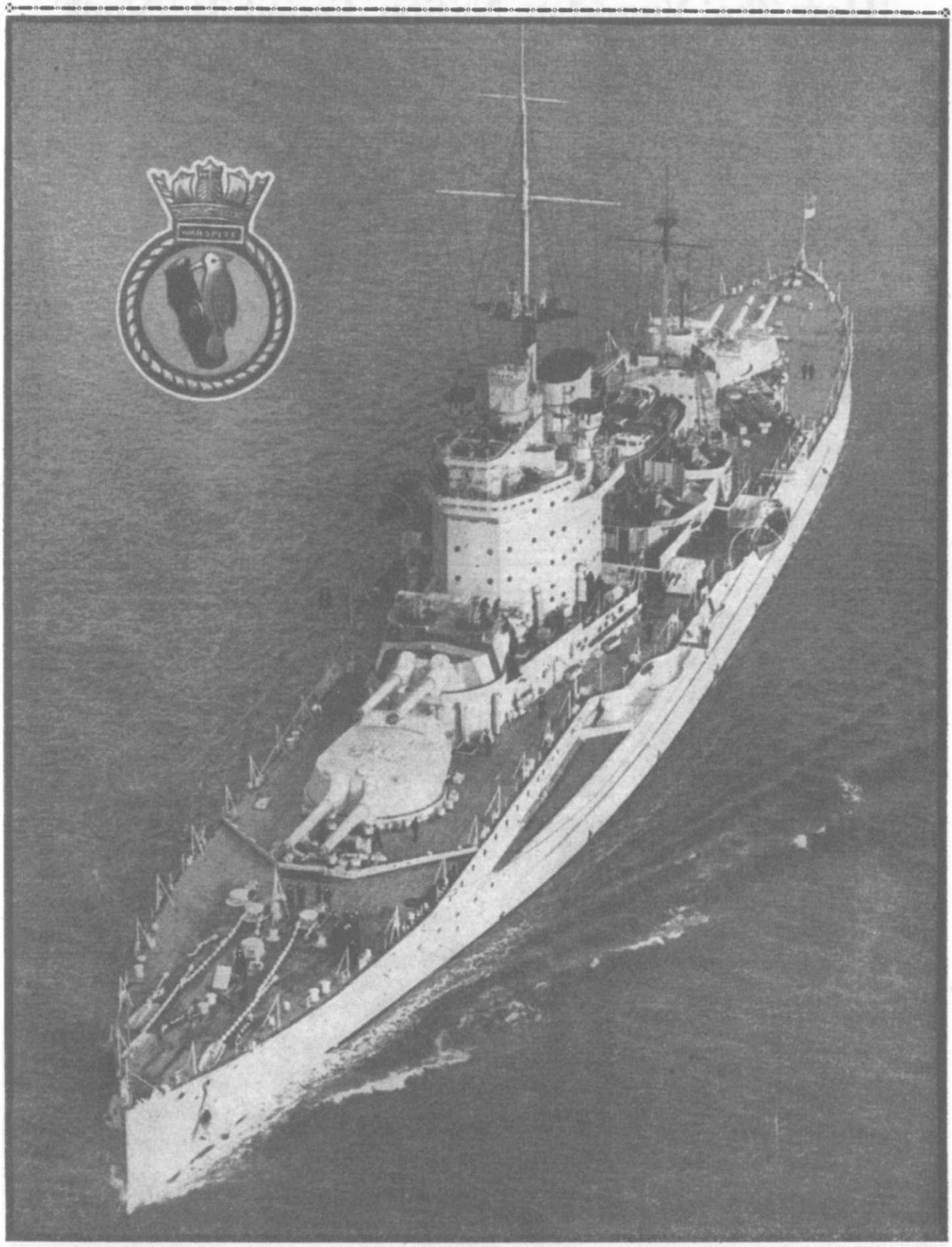


SHE BLEW THE DUCE'S WARSHIPS OUT OF 'MARE NOSTRUM'

H.M.S. WARSPITE, flagship of Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham (Flag Captain D. B. Fisher), played a most important part in the great naval victory off Crete on the night of March 28. A whole broadside from her 15-inch guns blasted the Italian cruiser Fiume, and further salvos from the Warspite, Valiant and Barham destroyed her, together with the Zara, flagship of Admiral Cantoni. The Warspite, whose impressive armament is shown in this aerial view, is a 30,000-ton battleship of the Queen Elizabeth class. She was completed in 1915, in time to take part in the Battle of Jutland in the next year, but she was extensively reconstructed between 1934 and 1937. In April 1940 she distinguished herself as leader of the raid on Narvik.

Photo, Associated Press

How the Yugoslav Nation Found Its Soul

The first news of the Yugoslav revolution was given to the world by Mr. Churchill in a speech in London on the morning of March 28. "I have great news for you and the whole country," the Prime Minister told his audience of Conservative delegates; "early this morning the Yugoslav nation found its soul." Below we give a description of the principal events of that day which may well mark a turning-point in the war.

PREMIER TSVETKOVITCH, tired no doubt after his excursion to Vienna in which he had signed away his country's freedom, had gone to bed—to sleep or not to sleep, we do not know. The hours passed. Midnight struck, and with its striking ushered in Friday, March 28. Yugoslavia's day of revolution had begun.

Shortly after midnight some 40 officers of the Yugoslav Air Force surrounded Tsvetkovitch's villa in a Belgrade suburb. Their commander was Captain Rakotchevitch,

GEN. DUSAN SIMOVITCH, Yugoslavia's new patriot Premier, was born in 1882 and entered the army in 1900. He is Chief of the Yugoslav Air Force Staff. *Photo, "Daily Mirror"*

who entered the house, made his way to the Prime Minister's bedroom, and told him curtly to "Please follow me." Tsvetkovitch went pale. "What right have you to give me such an order?" he demanded. "I shall certainly not obey." Rakotchevitch drew his revolver and said, "March, or I fire." Tsvetkovitch was taken away to the War Office under close arrest. There he arrogantly demanded of General Simovitch, "In whose name have you assumed power?" "In the name of those whom you never represented," flashed back the General in reply.

At the War Office the men who had planned the coup, all Air Force officers under the leadership of General Dusan Simovitch, Chief of the Air Force Staff, had assembled at midnight. Soon they learnt that certain other Cabinet Ministers had been arrested, and that the Belgrade police headquarters, the Foreign Office, the Ministry of the Interior, the telephone exchange and the broadcasting station were also in the hands

The broken black lines show the line of advance of the German troops through the Balkans, and the arrow heads indicate the points at which they were massed. The danger of the position if Yugoslavia were actively hostile is obvious. *Courtesy of the "Daily Telegraph"*

of their men. "We have done the job allotted" was the message telephoned as each building was occupied and each minister was taken into custody. In every case the men concerned were Air Force officers, pilots being given the job of seizing the buildings, while officers of high rank were charged with the arrest of the ministers.

When these preliminaries had been completed, General Simovitch drove to the royal palace shortly after 2 o'clock and requested that the young king should be roused. The royal servants protested, but the General insisted. So after a few minutes King Peter, wearing a dressing-gown and with his eyes still heavy with sleep, entered one of the Palace drawing-rooms. "Your Majesty," said General Simovitch, "from now on you are King of Yugoslavia, exercising full sovereign rights." At 7 o'clock all the Yugoslav radio stations broadcast King Peter's first proclamation to his people.

BELGRADE was the scene of street fighting when hostility to the signing of the Axis Pact reached fever point. After the Regent, Prince Paul, had left and King Peter had assumed full sovereign powers the principal streets of the city, including Belgrade's main artery, the Kralmilanova, seen above, were thronged with cheering crowds. *Photo, Keystone*

The Nazis Seem Quite at Home in Bulgaria

FIELD MARSHAL WILHELM LIST, who arrived in Bulgaria from Rumania at the end of February 1941 to take command of the German troops who were then pouring into the country, is seen on the extreme right of the top photograph in conversation with the German minister at Bucharest, Baron Manfred Von Killinger. On the left are members of his staff. Right, Nazi motor-cycle troops and lorries are passing along a snow-clad road in the uplands of Bulgaria, while below motorized units are seen in a village in Bulgaria driving over a road much the worse for wear. *Photos, Presse Diffusion*

Theirs the Honour of Saying No to Hitler

PATRIARCH GAVRILOV, head of the Orthodox Church in Yugoslavia administered the oath to the young King Peter II in Belgrade Cathedral on March 28, 1941.
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Serbs, Croats and Slovenes [it read], at this moment so grave in the history of our people I have decided to take the royal power into my own hands.

The members of the Regency Council appreciated the correctness of the reasons for my action and immediately resigned of their own accord.

My loyal Army and Navy have at once placed themselves at my disposal and are already carrying out my orders. I appeal to all Serbs, Croats and Slovenes to rally round the Throne. In the present grave circumstances this is the surest way of preserving internal order and external peace.

I have charged Army Corps General Dusan Simovitch with the formation of a new Government. With trust in God and the future of Yugoslavia, I appeal to all citizens and all authorities of the country to fulfil their duties to King and country. (Signed)

PETER II

Belgrade was electrified by the news, and at once the streets were filled with a surging crowd who for hours paraded up and down, waving flags and singing patriotic songs. There was a tremendous demonstration outside the British Legation, and at the Greek Legation the Minister was carried shoulder high. On the other hand, the German Travel Bureau, headquarters of Nazi propaganda, and the Italian Travel Bureau were wrecked by the mob. Anyone who looked like a Briton or American was enthusiastically hailed; pictures of Hitler and Mussolini were trampled under foot, while those of Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt were carried in jubilant procession.

At 11 o'clock there was a solemn service of thanksgiving in Belgrade Cathedral, and again the King was given a tremendous ovation. Wearing the uniform of a Marshal in the Yugoslav Air Force, he lit a candle beside the great Bible. Then, standing before Patriarch Gavrilov, who had made no secret of his detestation of Tsvetkovitch's policy, King Peter took the oath.

I, Peter II, ascending the Throne of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia and taking over the Royal power, swear by God Almighty that I will guard above all the unity of the nation, the independence of the State and the integrity of its territory, that I will rule according to its laws and constitution, and that in all my endeavours I will ever keep before me the welfare of the nation. So help me God.

Then, having formally congratulated the King on his accession, the Patriarch rejoined, "You take over royal powers at a difficult moment. There are dark clouds all around us, but the Yugoslav heaven is bright."

On his return to the Palace the King was again given a tremendous reception. All Belgrade's population marched past the Royal Palace, cheering and waving the national flags. Young people joined hands and danced in the streets. Peasants drove in from the country and overhead roared the warplanes of the Yugoslav Air Force.

While the crowds were rejoicing General Simovitch was presiding over the first meeting of his Cabinet. He himself assumed the office of Prime Minister, while Dr. Matchek, leader of the Croats, was reappointed to the position of Vice-Premier which he had held in the Tsvetkovitch Cabinet. The vital post of Foreign Minister was given to Mr. Nintchitch, a former Foreign Minister, who was reputed to be of pro-British sympathies. All the other ministers were members of the opposition parties or had opposed the Tsvetkovitch policy of subservience to the Axis. Following the Cabinet meeting a proclamation of Government policy was issued, of which the keynote was struck in the words, "Let us look after our own interests—let us be independent and respected." The General made it clear that Yugoslavia wanted to maintain a strict neutrality; in other words, she wanted to go back to the position she had occupied before the signing of the Vienna Pact.

But would she be permitted to do so?

YUGOSLAVIA has one town, Sarajevo, that conjures up poignant memories, for it was here that the Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria was assassinated on June 28, 1914. Centre, Yugoslav peasants in a street in Sarajevo are discussing the political situation. Yugoslavia is an agricultural country, and in peacetime soldiers, as seen above, help with the harvest. *Photos, G. P. U.*

They Hobnobbed with Hitler—So They Fell

On Feb. 14, 1941, the then Prime Minister of Yugoslavia, Dr. Dragisha Tsvetkovitch and his Foreign Minister, Dr. Cincar-Markovitch, arrived at Berchtesgaden in reply to a summons from Hitler. There they presumably discussed the details of Yugoslavia's adherence to the Axis Pact, so shortly to be signed but destined never to be ratified. Hitler is here seen ushering Dr. Tsvetkovitch into his mountain retreat. Just behind him is Dr. Cincar-Markovitch, while on the right is von Ribbentrop with the interpreter, Herr Schmidt. After the Yugoslav revolution of March 27 the two Yugoslav signatories to the Axis Pact were arrested.

Photo, Sport & General

Peter II King of Sixteen Million Yugoslavs

Born at Belgrade on Sept. 6, 1923, King Peter of Yugoslavia is not yet eighteen. Above he is seen in naval attire at the age of about two and a half.

THE BOY KING TAKES OVER

KING PETER II of Yugoslavia, who assumed the Royal power on March 27, 1941, following the revolution led by General Simovitch, would normally have done so on his eighteenth birthday, on September 6, 1941. Eldest of the three sons of Alexander I, assassinated at Marseilles on October 9, 1934, and Queen Marie, sister of ex-King Carol of Rumania, he succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, but during his minority the Royal power was vested in a Council of Regency headed by his uncle, Prince Paul. This Council resigned on March 27, following the revolution, and Prince Paul left the country.

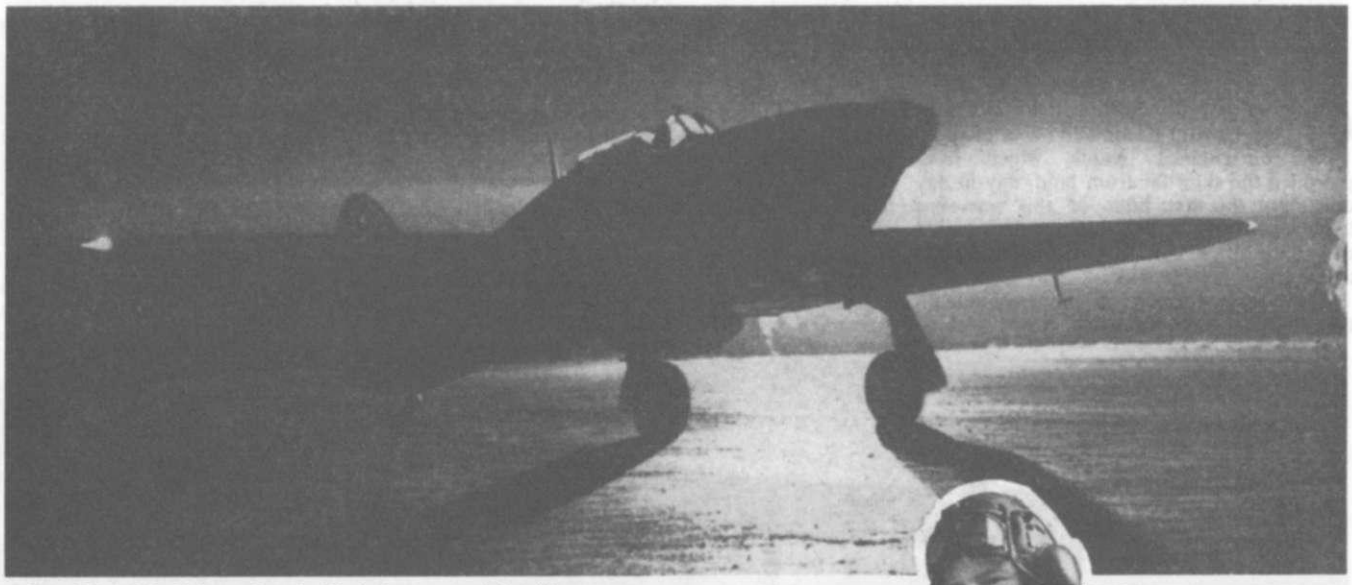
The young king, who has received the full support of the Yugoslav army and people, speaks English almost as fluently as his mother tongue. He was at school in Surrey when he was recalled to be the king of 16,000,000 people. For six years he has been sedulously preparing himself for the day when he should take over the reins of government, and endowed as he is with the fighting blood of the Karageorgevitch house it is hardly likely that he will allow himself or his country to be coerced.

Always intensely interested in everything appertaining to his country, he is here seen studying a map of his future kingdom at his private school in Yugoslavia. *Photo, Keystone*

For a while King Peter, then eleven, was educated at Sandroyd School, Cobham, Surrey, where this photograph was taken. He returned to his country in 1934. *Photos, Fox*

The young king shakes hands with officers of the Royal Cavalry Guard at a national festival; behind him is Prince Paul. Left, a recent portrait of the King. *Photo, Wide World*

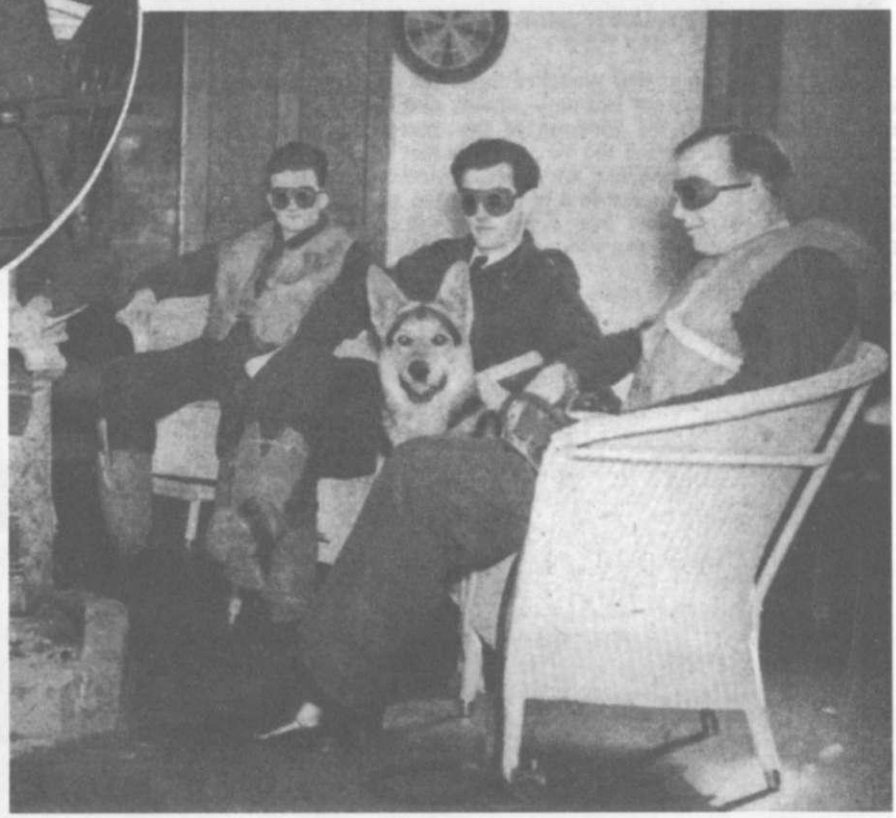
Britain's Night Fighters Have 'Cat's Eyes'



One of the night fighters that the Nazis fear so much is taking off from an aerodrome by the light of flares. On the tips of the wings are the navigation lights used only when the 'plane is taking off or landing, or for recognition purposes.

These two Sergeant-Pilots of the R.A.F. have just returned from a night flight over Britain in search of enemy raiders. They are taking a well-earned meal before turning in for a few hours' rest.

DURING the night raids over Britain in the first half of March, 1941, twenty-two Nazi night raiders were brought down—some of them, it was officially announced, by secret devices. What those devices are has not been disclosed, but it is known that night fighter pilots now undergo special training to enable them to see in the dark. They sit in a dimly-lit room wearing green goggles before going up on patrol, and by this means they acquire an extraordinary aptitude for noticing the faintest changes in illumination. Quickness of sight and clearness of vision are of great importance, for both the pilot and his quarry are moving fast. One pilot relates that on a night of shifting cloud recently he saw what he thought was the flicker of an enemy exhaust. He gave chase, the light flickering and vanishing in front of him. Just as he fancied he was coming within range a wider gap in the clouds revealed the light to be nothing more than that of a rising star!



The scene above is in a rest-room at an aerodrome somewhere in Britain. Night fighter pilots are sitting round the stove wearing the green glasses that cause the eyes to adjust themselves to darkness. Right centre is one of the pilots photographed in the cockpit of his 'plane after his return to the aerodrome, when for a time he can let his eyes go back to normal.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

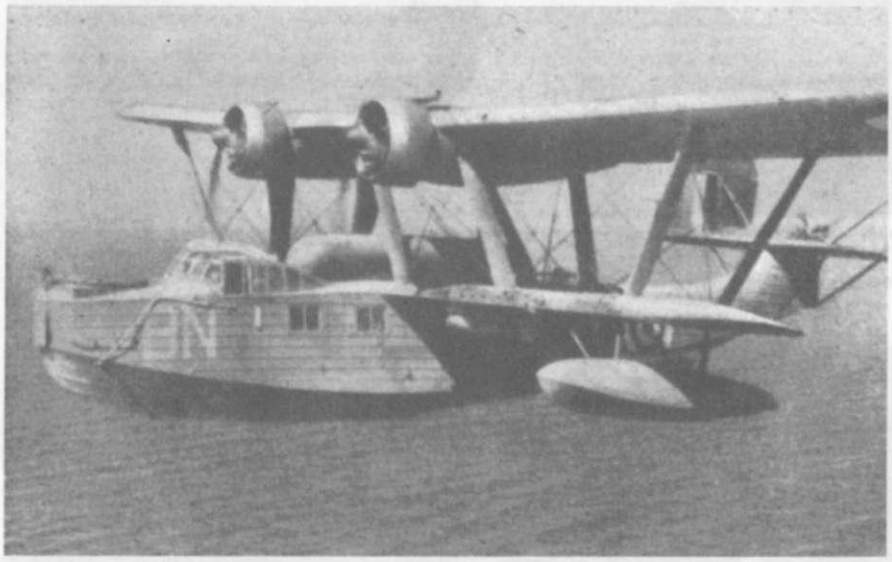
They Fight in the Air above the Atlantic

Not only on the Atlantic but above it deadly war is being waged as Hitler's 'planes contend with those of Britain's Coastal Command for the mastery. Some of the principal types of machines used on both sides are the subject of this article by Grenville Manton.

ONE of our Sunderland flying-boats of the Coastal Command—one of those four-engined giants which have patrolled the skies far from land, day in day out, since the first hour of this war—has lately encountered and completely worsted two long-range bombers of the Luftwaffe above the Atlantic.

The Nazis, working in cooperation with the U-boats, were prowling round seeking out our merchantmen as they ploughed their way in convoy *en route* for England. Sharp eyes, peering through the windows of the commander's cabin, spotted the marauders; control wheel and rudder-bar were swung over to put the 22-ton aircraft in a turn, and as the first German came into range the Brownings in the turrets snapped. At once the *Junkers Ju.*88 dropped a wing, lifted its nose, stalled and plunged down towards the sea to meet its end. Meanwhile its fellow with engines running at full throttle sought to escape and find a hiding-place in clouds. But he was not to get away without a wound; it was with smoke streaming from an engine nacelle that he started the desperate run for home.

Such was an episode which will be repeated again and again as the Battle of the Atlantic surges and bubbles to its peak. As the days lengthen the struggle between ship and U-boat and bomber will be mingled with protracted combats in the sky. High above the immense Atlantic, where but a decade ago only the most adventurous dared to fly, the R.A.F. will meet the enemy. The clash will be unprecedented in the whole history of air warfare. In place of shattered buildings, piles of rubble, bomb craters and smouldering heaps of twisted metal that mark the trail of war on land, a patch of oil, a rubber dinghy, a strip of tattered fabric, a petrol tank floating in the waves—these will be the only signs that the red, white and blue cockade has met the white-edged swastika.



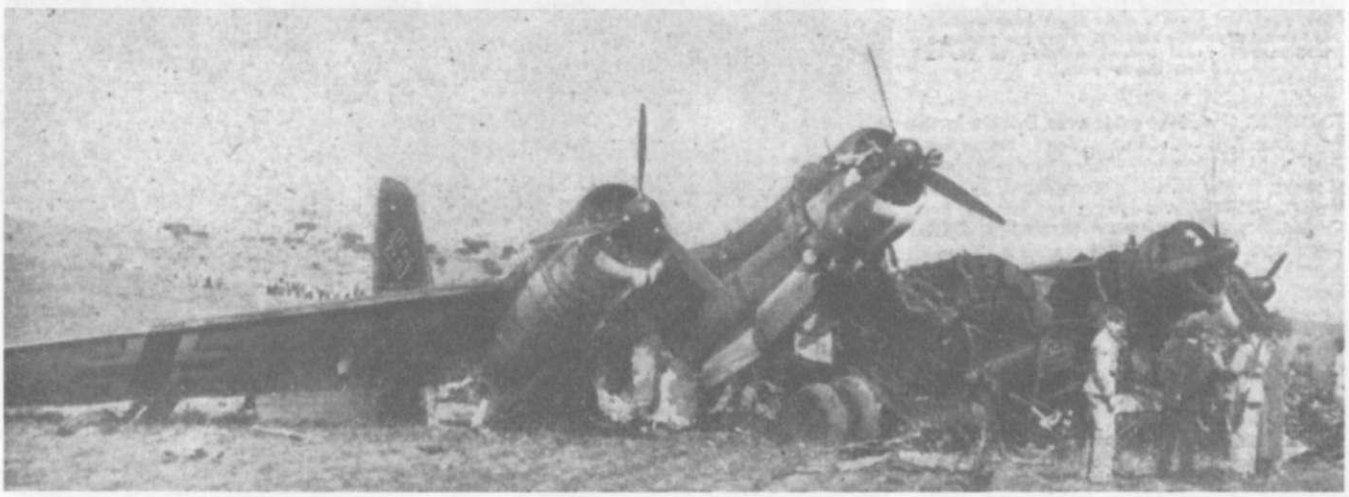
COASTAL COMMAND FLYING-BOATS, operating in all weathers and all the year round, range the vast expanses beyond Britain's shores to frustrate the U-boat and preserve the country's life-lines. Here is a Saro London II general reconnaissance flying-boat. The machine has a range of 1,700 miles and carries a crew of six. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

The Nazis, their plans set all awry by the thrashing their air force received in the Battle of Britain, by the unending failure of their Fascist ally, and by the united and unquenchable spirit of the British Empire, have been working with frantic haste in preparation for the Atlantic struggle. U-boats are being mass-produced, crews are being trained in the Baltic, and the Luftwaffe, bruised and smarting still from the hammering given it by the R.A.F. last summer, is being re-equipped with long-range aircraft.

Goering's New Models

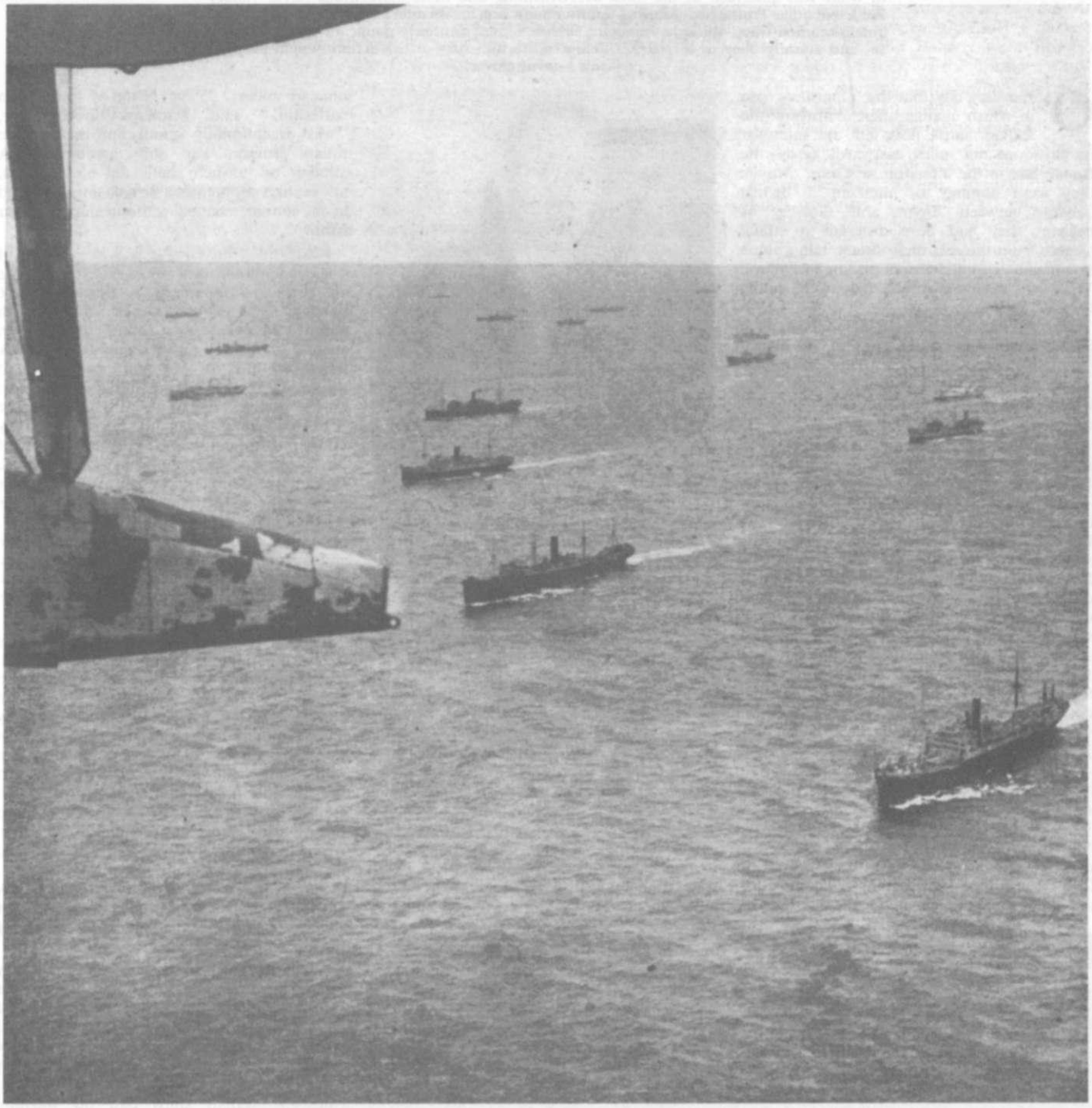
We know something of these new machines—the four-engined *Focke-Wulf Kurier* and others. We know where they are being built, we know their constructional features and their performance. Like several other German bombers, the Kurier is a military version of a commercial machine. It is a strengthened and modified edition of the Kondor air-liner. It has four B.M.W. 14-cylinder radial engines of 1,300 h.p. and its wing span is 108 ft. 3 ins. It is of all-metal construction and carries a crew of six. Its armament is formidable; it has a gun turret which is electrically operated and houses four machine-guns, and guns are mounted in the nose and under the fuselage facing to the rear. At 18,000 feet its maximum speed is 280 m.p.h. and it can carry a bomb load of 6,000 lb. The range is 2.300 miles. Of the *Junkers* 88 and the *Heinkel He.*111*K* we know everything, for many specimens have fallen into our hands, shot down in raids over this country. Each has been modified for work in the Battle of the Atlantic.

The use of these machines for long-distance flights over the sea, by the way, means that Hitler has had to improvise in his air plans for the Atlantic blockade, for the Junkers and Heinkel were never intended for such work.



THIS FOCKE-WULF KURIER lost its way in a fog and crashed at Moura, in Southern Portugal, on the Spanish frontier. The crew attempted to get into Spain, but when they were arrested they were found to be in civilian clothes, though there can be little doubt that the giant bomber was making a short cut after being used to attack British convoys in the Atlantic. As is stated in this page, the Focke-Wulf Kurier is a long-range bomber aircraft, a military version of a commercial machine, which is being largely employed by the Germans in their desperate attempt to close the Atlantic to our shipping. *Photo, Central Press*

New Machines for a New Kind of War



OUR MERCHANTMEN PRESS ON in convoy to bring precious cargoes into port, while the R.A.F. keeps watch and ward with far-seeing eyes above them. Hour after hour the great flying-boats cruise to and fro on patrol ready to pounce should a U-boat surface to make an attack. This impressive photograph was taken from a Short Sunderland as it flew above a convoy in the Atlantic. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

In contrast, our Coastal Command is equipped with aircraft specially designed for this air war over the sea. The *Short Sunderland* has already proved itself to be one of the finest flying-boats ever built. It has a great range—2,880 miles—a high cruising speed, and, with gun turrets in the nose and tail and gun positions amidships, it can fight anything it meets in the air. Moreover, unlike the Nazis flying in the Junkers and the Heinkels, the crew can live, eat and sleep aboard in comfort, and if necessary the flying-boat can fly non-stop for more than 16 hours. The *Saro Lerwick* is another flying-boat now in service with Coastal Command squadrons. It is employed on similar duties to those of the Sunderland, but because it is one of our latest types, performance figures cannot be disclosed. It is powered with two Bristol Hercules 11 motors, which give a combined horse-power of 2,750. The construction is all-metal throughout and with three power-operated gun-turrets it is powerfully armed.

These two British stalwarts are the mainstay of the squadrons engaged on long-range duties from England's shores, but already new American craft are coming into service. Amongst them is the *Consolidated Model* 31 patrol flying-boat, a high-wing twin-engined machine which can fly at 285 m.p.h. and cover great distances. The *Consolidated Catalina* is another U.S.-built flying-boat which is being supplied to Britain. It carries a crew of six and can fly no less than 4,000 miles non-stop. These are the vanguards of a great fleet which will come from the U.S.A.

With the Sunderlands, the Lerwicks and other great flying-boats and long-range fighters they will fly out to meet the enemy in the limitless arena hundreds of miles from land. No crowds will watch with bated breath as they wheel and turn in battle, but we shall hear their story when the Battle of the Atlantic is won, and the remnants of the Luftwaffe lie at the bottom of the sea.

Matapan Was a Great and Glorious Victory

In what was described as the most overwhelming and most momentous naval victory achieved since Trafalgar, Admiral Cunningham and his Mediterranean Fleet met Italy's much-vaunted Navy off Cape Matapan, Greece's most southerly point, on Friday, March 28, and literally blew it to pieces. Below is the full story of the action which put *finis* to Italy's naval power.

ON the very day that the Yugoslavs rose in wrath against their betrayers the Italian battle fleet left the safety of its harbours and sailed eastwards across the Ionian Sea in the direction of Crete. Maybe they were hoping to intercept a British convoy between Egypt and Greece, or perhaps they had been ordered to attack Greece from the sea, their attack being timed to coincide with a German onslaught by land. Whatever their objective, they were sailing to their doom.

Hardly had they passed Cape Passero in Sicily when they were spotted by British reconnaissance 'planes. The news was signalled to Admiral Cunningham in Alexandria, and at once the Commander-in-Chief put to sea with his battle fleet.

At 7.49 a.m. the next day the Italians were spotted by our reconnaissance 'planes—a battleship, six cruisers and seven destroyers—and soon they were joined by two more cruisers and at least two destroyers. At 8.2 a.m. contact with enemy cruisers was made by the British cruiser Orion, flying the flag of Vice-Admiral H. D. Pridham-Wippell, off the coast of Crete. Pridham-Wippell, who had with him the cruisers Ajax, Perth and Gloucester, and some destroyers, at once decided to do as Beatty did at the Battle of Jutland. Deliberately he trailed his coat before the Italians with a view to luring them on until they came within range of Admiral Cunningham's main battle fleet, then about 120 miles to the east.

About 9 a.m. the enemy cruisers turned north-westward and the British followed suit, in order to keep in touch. Then at 10.58 a.m. the Vice-Admiral sighted the Vittorio Veneto, 16 miles to the northward, and he again turned south-east so as to lure the Italian battleship to where Cunningham, flogging his engines to the utmost, was speeding westwards to meet them. Riccardi fell into the trap, and for hours kept up the chase, firing from a range of some 16 miles. "The firing of the Italian battleship," said Pridham-Wippell later, "was exceptionally good, but that of the Italian cruisers was only mediocre. A number of 15-inch shells fell close to us, but we, like all the other British ships engaged in the action, escaped without chipping our paint."

THE ADMIRAL'S 'WELL DONE!'

THE operations just concluded have given us a notable success over the enemy.

The skilful handling of our cruisers and the untiring efforts of the Fleet Air Arm kept me well informed of enemy movements, and the well-pressed-home attacks of torpedo-bomber aircraft on the Littorio so reduced the speed of the enemy fleet that we were able to gain contact during the night and inflict heavy damage.

The devastating results of our battleships' gunfire are an ample reward for months of patient training.

This work was completed by the destroyers in the admirable way we have come to expect of them.

The contribution of the engine-room departments to this success cannot be over-emphasized. Their work, not only in keeping their ships steaming at high speed for long periods, but in the work of maintenance under very difficult conditions, has been most praiseworthy.

I am very grateful to all in the Fleet for their support on this and all other occasions.

Well done!

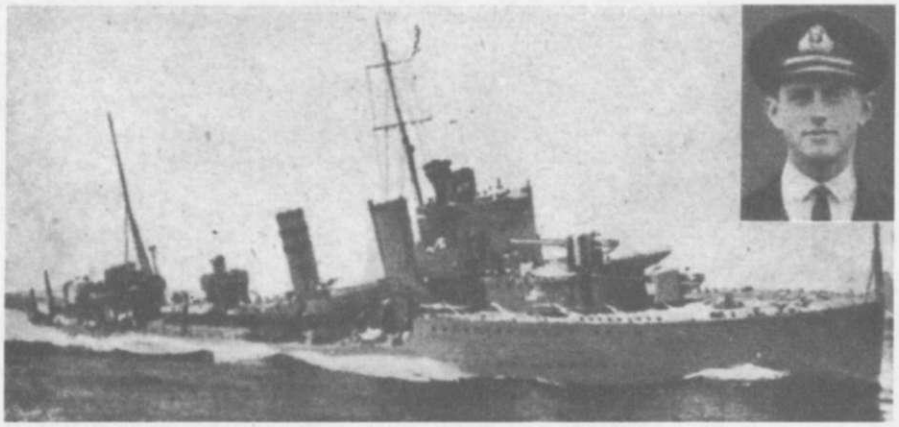
Meanwhile, the Fleet Air Arm carried out a fierce bombing raid on Lecce, the enemy's air base in southern Italy, grounding dive bombers and reconnaissance 'planes which might otherwise have come into action against our fleet; and a squadron of Greek destroyers put to sea and raced south at full speed in the hope of playing their part in the battle. Then, at about noon, the Vittorio Veneto began to be attacked by bomb and torpedo-carrying dive-bombers of the Fleet Air Arm launched from H.M.S. Formidable. Some of the bombs found their target in the great ship, and several torpedoes struck home. The enemy cruiser Pola was also torpedoed, a direct hit being made on the engine-room, which dislocated all the electric controls, rendering the gun turrets useless. By now it was afternoon, and the Italian admiral had turned for home.

Just as the ships were turning a number of R.A.F. bombers joined the naval 'planes, and several hits were obtained, not only on Italian cruisers and destroyers but on the Vittorio Veneto, which was so severely damaged that her speed was reduced from well over 30 knots to less than 15. The Italian ships put up a terrific barrage, but the British 'planes bore down to within 200 yards of their target before letting go their "fish" only ten feet above the water. From that moment the Vittorio Veneto and her accompanying ships were given no rest, as wave after wave of bombers entered the battle. When last seen by the British 'planes she was listing heavily and badly down by the stern.

While the Vittorio Veneto made her way westward three Italian heavy cruisers, the Fiume, Zara and another, went back to give what aid they could to the cruiser Pola, which had been bombed to a complete standstill. It was now dark and the night was moonless, so that there was no horizon. Thus the Italian ships had no warning of the imminent approach of Cunningham's battleships. Pridham-Wippell reported to Cunningham the exact position of the Pola, and at 9 p.m. the admiral, who was aboard the veteran battleship Warspite, with the battleships Barham, Valiant, the aircraft-carrier Formidable and a destroyer screen steaming in echelon, made for where the stricken ship lay. They reached her at almost the same moment as the Italian cruisers. At 10.26 a number of darkened ships, steaming at right angles to them, were reported on the starboard bow. Three cruisers and two or three destroyers could be distinguished steaming in line ahead. Then the British ships were challenged by the Pola from the port beam. Admiral Cunningham at once turned his fleet to starboard, so bringing his ships parallel to, but steaming

CUNNINGHAM'S GREAT VICTORY over the Italian battle fleet was fought out in the night of March 28 to the south of Cape Matapan. The map above illustrates the course of the action. Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, Commander-in-Chief of British naval forces in the Mediterranean, whose signal after the battle is reproduced, centre, is seen in the photograph at the top of the page. *Photo, Planet News; Map, courtesy of the "Daily Telegraph"*

How Cunningham Smashed the Italian Fleet



H.M.S. HAVOCK, 1,340-ton destroyer of the Hero class, was the only one of the five destroyers which the late Captain Warburton-Lee led into Narvik on April 10, 1940, to escape undamaged. Lieut. G. R. G. Watkins, inset, was in command of the Havock at the battle off Cape Matapan when she hung on to the Italian cruiser Pola after all her torpedoes had been fired.
Photos, Universal and Topical

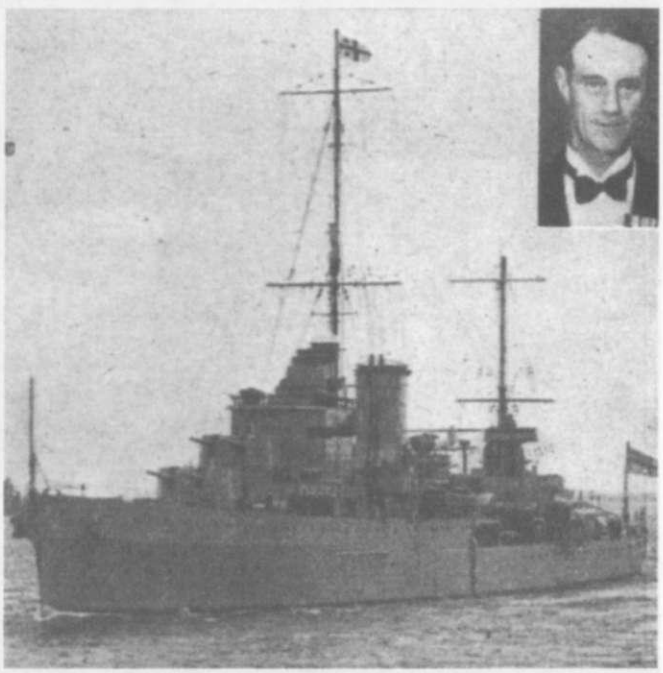
in the opposite direction to, the Italians. Still the enemy apparently had not spotted our ships' approach.

Then suddenly one of the British destroyers, Greyhound, switched its searchlights on the third of the Italian ships, the heavy cruiser Fiume, and at once, without wasting a second, the Warspite's 15-inch guns, firing from a range of only two miles, flung a salvo into the Fiume with devastating effect. The Italian had not time even to swing her gun turrets into position. The after-turret was blown clean over the side, and the whole ship burst into flames. A second broadside converted her into a blazing furnace. Then the British guns were turned on to the Zara, Admiral Cantoni's flagship, with the same result. A third heavy cruiser, probably the Giovanni delle Bande Nere, was very badly damaged and probably sunk as well. Then two enemy destroyers, caught in our searchlights, fired torpedoes at the British warships, but the battleships turned in time and opened fire on the destroyers. These laid down a smoke screen, but the shells pounded through the murk and two destroyers, the Vincento Gioberti and Maestrale, were sunk, and possibly a third.

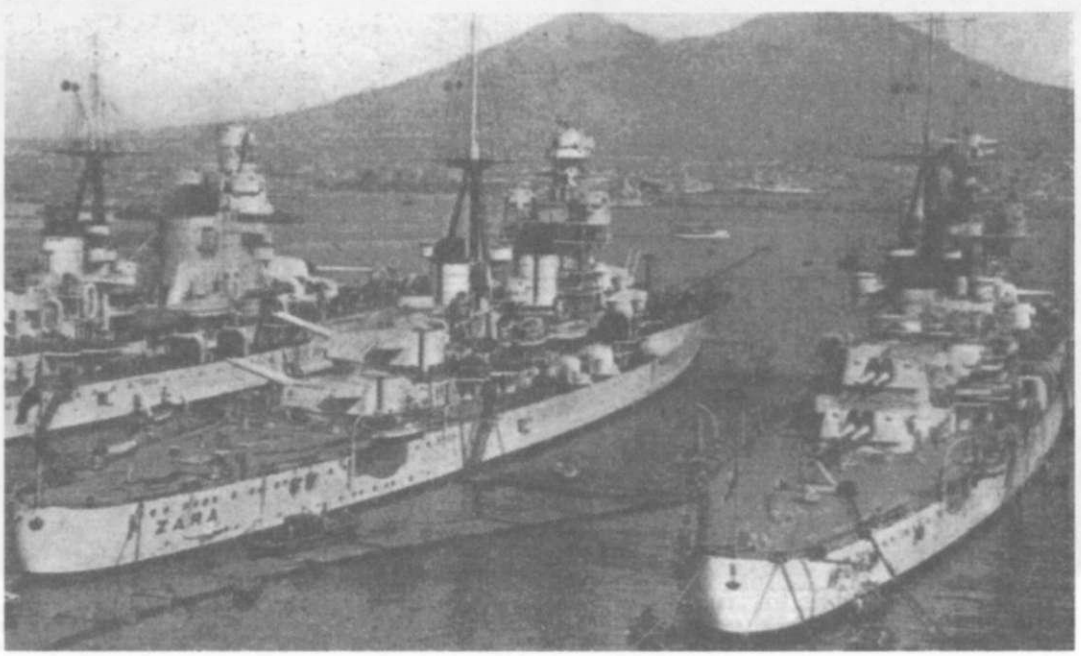
Now Admiral Cunningham ordered the British destroyers to come in and finish off the burning cruisers. Already the Havock (Lieutenant G. Watkins) had signalled to the flagship, "Am hanging on to the stern of cruiser Pola. Shall I board her or blow her stern up with depth charges? Have no torpedoes left." That was at 10.30, and Watkins was told to abandon his prize, which was soon afterwards torpedoed by the Jervis. The Pola had not struck her flag, but a large white sheet was displayed over the quarterdeck rail, and the crew were drawn up on the quarter-deck in readiness to surrender. A gangplank was thrown between the quarter-decks of the Pola and the Jervis, and across this the Italians clambered aboard the victor. While this was going on other British destroyers were circling around, picking up survivors from the Italian destroyers which had been sunk. The Zara was then also torpedoed and sunk.

Then firing was heard in the distance, and as no British ships were reported in that quarter it seemed clear that in the darkness and confusion the Italians were firing at each other. For hours the firing went on.

On the morning of Saturday, March 29, nearly 1,000 Italian survivors were picked up by British ships, but many hundreds more, clinging to rafts in the sea, had to be left to their fate as German dive-bombers attacked the rescuing ships. In addition to the 1,000 prisoners, at least 3,000 officers and seamen of Mussolini's navy perished when five—three cruisers and two destroyers—probably seven, of his ships were sent to the bottom. Yet on our side there was not a casualty beyond one 'plane lost, and not a ship suffered the slightest damage.



H.M.S. ORION, the "decoy" ship of Admiral Cunningham's fleet, is a cruiser of 7,215 tons, completed in January 1934. She carries eight 6-in. guns and has a speed of 32·5 knots. Inset is Vice-Admiral D. H. Pridham-Wippell, Commanding Light Forces, who flew his flag in the Orion (Flag Captain G. R. B. Back).
Photos, Topical and C. E. Brown



The three Italian cruisers sunk in the action off Cape Matapan are here seen in harbour. They are, left to right, the Pola, Zara and Fiume, 10,000-ton cruisers completed in 1931-32, armed with eight 8-inch guns and carrying a normal complement of 705. They had a speed of 32 knots.
Photo, L.N.A.

They Spoke~and Speaking, Made of the Duce's Proud Ships Flaming H

See the British Army Take to the Water!

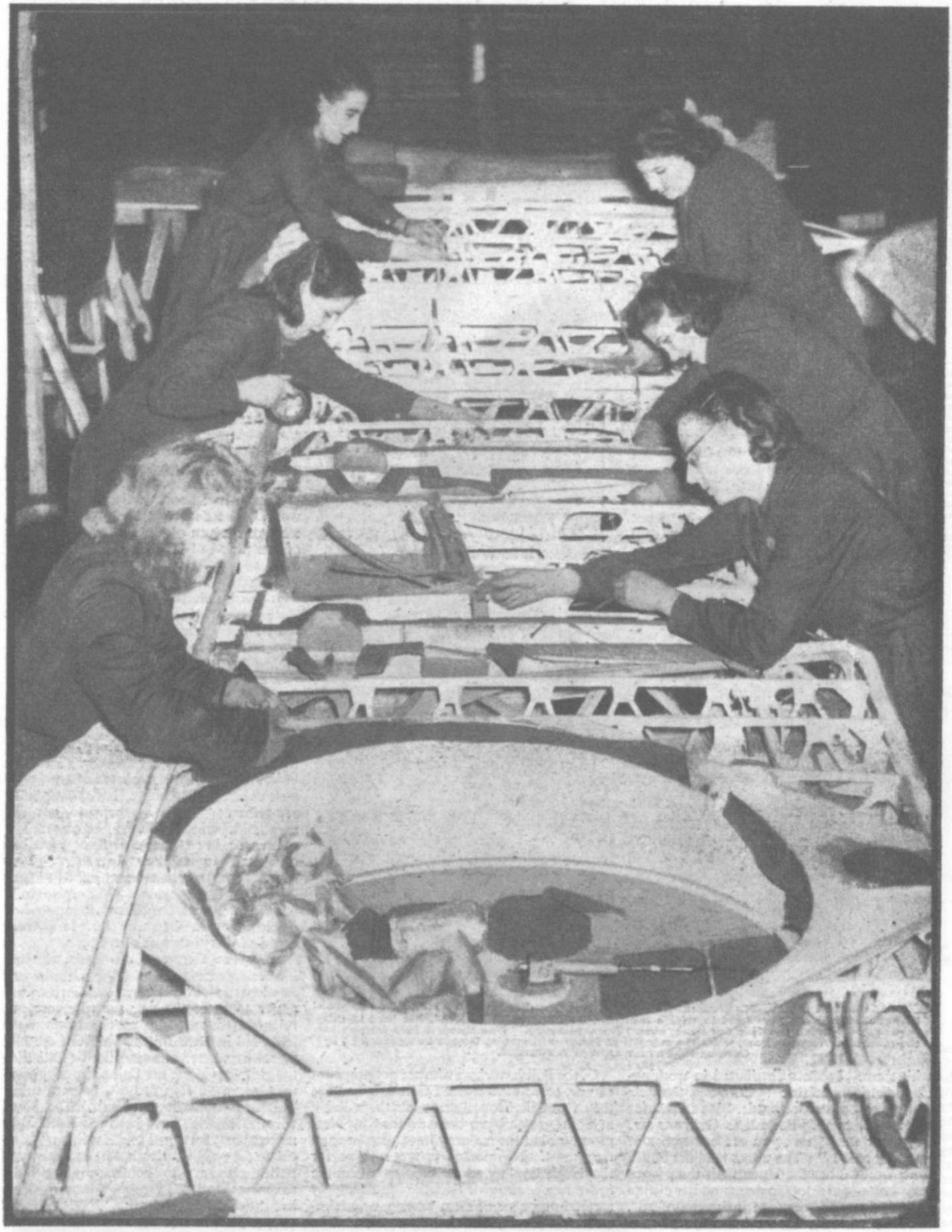
The two men above are crossing a river in a rubber reconnaissance boat which is none too easy to handle. Accidents may happen, so the Sergeant-Major, left, cruises round in a motor boat to pick up anyone who may happen to fall in!

AN army in retreat, unless it is so utterly routed that it is in hopeless confusion, blows up the bridges over every river and stream that it has crossed. The pursuing army must use its own devices to cross them and continue its advance, so at training centres in England and Northern Ireland soldiers are taught to become amphibious. The training includes swimming with full equipment, which includes Tommy guns, specially protected to withstand a wetting. The troops are given intensive training in the handling of assault boats that carry a number of troops and reconnaissance boats that carry only two. The latter are a small edition of the Navy's Carley boats and are entirely of rubber. They are black and are so low in the water that they are practically invisible at night. Large numbers of the rubber boats, when deflated, and the collapsible boats, when folded up, can be carried on a single lorry.

Collapsible boats of wood and canvas, known as assault boats, much larger than the rubber boats, are used when a number of troops are to be carried across water. Above, a number of them are being launched, while right, one that has received its load is being pushed off. All the men wear life-jackets.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; and Fox

They Are Helping Their Men to Win in the Air



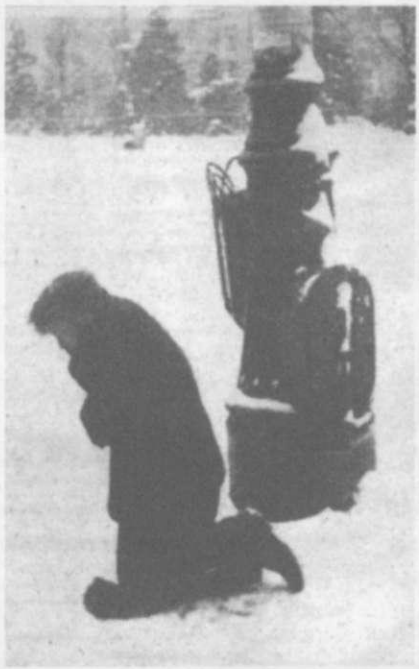
While men of the R.A.F. and the F.A.A. fight for freedom in the air with a courage and skill unrivalled in history, their womenfolk lend invaluable aid in a multitude of ways in our aircraft factories. Deft, swiftly-moving hands operate machines to make and assemble parts that go into 'planes—the 'planes which are giving us superiority in the air against the Luftwaffe and the Regia Aeronautica. The girls in this picture are fixing fabric to the ribs of an aircraft's wing in a works "somewhere in England." *Photo, Fox*

Good Nazis Mustn't Be Kind to Polish Slaves!

In Poland the Nazis have unloosed a reign of barbarity which is without precedent in the written history of the white races. The most horribly spectacular of their brutalities is the judicial murder of patriotic Poles (see, e.g., the photographs opposite), but it may well be that their greatest contribution to human misery is their treatment of their Polish slaves. This article is based on information obtained by the International Transport Workers Federation from informants on the Continent.

OF the two and a half or three million foreign slaves employed in Germany—men and women who at Hitler's orders have been dragged from their homes and families to work in a foreign land for the profit of the conqueror—it is estimated that at least a million are Poles. Of these about 650,000 are prisoners of war who have been "released," that is, let out of the prison camps on condition that they stayed in or went to Germany as "voluntary" workers. This release from captivity has been quoted by the German Ministry of Information as a proof of Hitler's magnanimity, but actually the motive was to save the German Army the trouble and expense of keeping watch over a large number of prisoners scattered all over the country.

In Germany the Polish workers are regarded as no better than convicts. They are required to wear the "Polish mark"—a large P in a violet-edged, two-inch yellow square—on the right-hand side of the breast of jacket, pullover or shirt. The German men and women farm workers are forbidden to treat the Poles as equals; they must not eat with them at the same table, or fraternize with them in any way, or even go to church with them. Leaflets distributed in working-class districts declare: "Germans, the Pole can never be your comrade. He is inferior to every German. Be just, as Germans are, but never forget that you are a member of a master race!" The wages paid the Polish farm workers are far lower than those—not very large—paid to Germans, and are little higher than the pay of prisoners-of-war. There is the same discrimination in the matter of allowances in kind; the non-Germans get neither wheat nor milk and a much reduced allowance of cereals and coal.



Few photographs are permitted to trickle out from German-occupied Poland, but here in this page are two which the Nazis are not averse from releasing. One shows a Pole begging in the snow of a Warsaw street, while the other is of Polish workmen at Gdynia being searched by German soldiers for arms or contraband.

Of the Polish workers who are not prisoners of war, some have entered Germany because they found it impossible to obtain a living at home, some have been deluded by Nazi promises, but the majority have gone because they must. No method is too ruthless for the Nazis in Poland to employ when the order has gone forth that they must supply a certain number of men, women, or adolescents for the German labour market. The town and village councils are simply told their quota, and it is up to them to obtain it. If the workers are not forthcoming in sufficient numbers then the Gestapo and the Nazi soldiery round up their victims themselves. The word "branka" goes from mouth to mouth, and there is a veritable panic among the population eligible for seizure. The whole district is searched for fugitives, until at last a sufficient number of unhappy workers have been rounded up in the market-place, ready to be driven off like cattle from the homes which they are unlikely ever to see again.

One of the many hundreds of thousands of Poles who have been compulsorily transferred from Poland to work in Germany described his life in a letter sent home last summer. "I am employed on the building of a factory," he wrote. "My wage when all the deductions have been made amounts to 44 marks a month, out of which I must pay one mark a day for food; what remains is for tobacco. As to the barrack routine, at 4.30 in the morning the daily ration of bread, sausage and margarine is issued, and work begins at 6. It is nearly one-and-a-half hours' walk to the place of work, and I don't get back for the evening meal until seven o'clock. The meal consists of some kind of broth, often unpeeled potatoes, and cabbage. Then we turn in for the night in dirty, vermin-infested quarters, with three blankets per head. The men are tired out, but it is almost impossible to sleep. Nearly every night you awake with a start just as you have fallen asleep owing to the noise of aircraft overhead, and you think you are back in Warsaw during the siege, and must go through it all again."

Tens of thousands of Polish girls and young women are amongst those who have been carried off to compulsory labour in Germany. Many work on the big estates in East Germany, many in the households of Nazi dignitaries, and many more have disappeared altogether. "What happens to our girls here is a crime," Polish labourers have written home; "many of them have been consigned to military barracks." From time to time women are sent back to Poland ill and often pregnant. The relatives of women and girls transferred to compulsory employment in Germany live in constant dread of what becomes of them.

In Eastern Germany Polish girls, who to an increasing extent are obtaining employment as domestic servants since the German girls prefer to enter the war factories, are as a rule treated as badly as the Nazis would wish, but in German towns west of the Elbe, especially where the population is Catholic—the girls themselves are Catholics, of course—they are still regarded as human beings. This does not suit the Nazis. The housewives in Munich have been reminded in the newspapers that a Polish woman "is a child of a people which is destined to serve." Polish girls are to be treated like Polish workers, who "so to speak, always work and live 'behind barbed wire.'" Polish girls are not "to eat at the same table and share the joys and sorrows of the family." Even children must be taught by their parents to see in Polish servants something alien.

Poles They May Kill but Poland—Never!

Typical of German methods in the occupied countries is the scene right. A number of male Polish civilians have been rounded up by the military police and are being marched off—perhaps to internment, perhaps to be put to forced labour, while possibly an even worse fate awaits them. They have apparently been forced to wave their caps as a mark of respect to their captors; or maybe they are waving farewell to the friends they are leaving probably for ever.

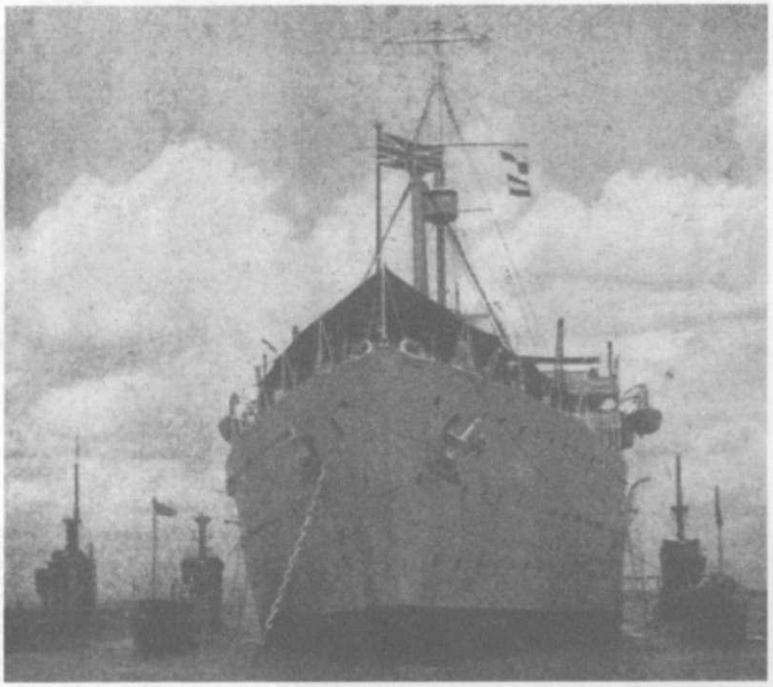
The photograph above is not unusual, for left is another similar scene, this time in a town in Silesia. Again the brutal methods of the Nazis are noticeable, for the prisoners are compelled to march with their hands clasped behind their heads in order that any movement, save marching on to an unknown fate, should be impossible. What would happen if they made the least show of resistance is indicated by the way the guards carry their rifles with bayonets fixed.

Below is the last tragic scene in this tale of horror. Polish civilians who have incurred the Nazis' wrath have been lined up like those right and shot with their hands tied behind their backs. A touch of brutality is added to this act by the fact that other Polish prisoners are being forced to dig a common grave for their martyred compatriots under the eyes of an armed Nazi guard (below).

Three men who are offenders in the sight of their Nazi masters have been lined up at a lonely spot to face a firing-party of German military police armed with Czech Mauser rifles. *Photos, Keystone*

"WE are living in hell." This is the incessant refrain of the letters which have been smuggled out of Nazi-occupied Poland. The photographs in this page, which have recently reached Britain, go to prove that such words are no exaggeration. It is stated on good authority that during the first four months of the German occupation an average of 12 to 14 Poles were executed every day in Warsaw alone, while the executions in the rest of Poland during the same period have been estimated at 25,000. Moreover, many hundreds of thousands of Poles who have not been shot or imprisoned have been enslaved. As the Polish Minister of Justice said, "Poland's sacrifice is in the nature of a holocaust."

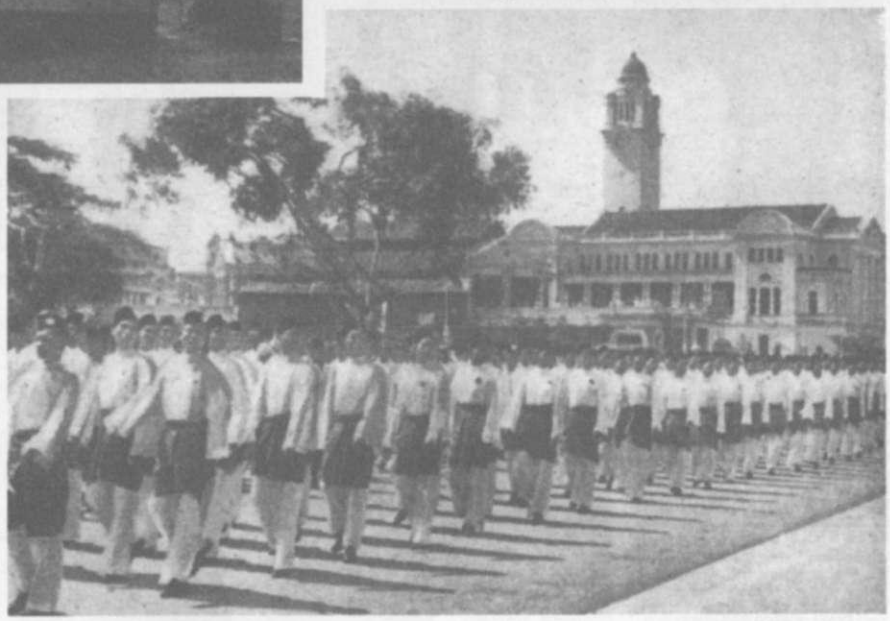
Singapore Is Now Strong Beyond Compare



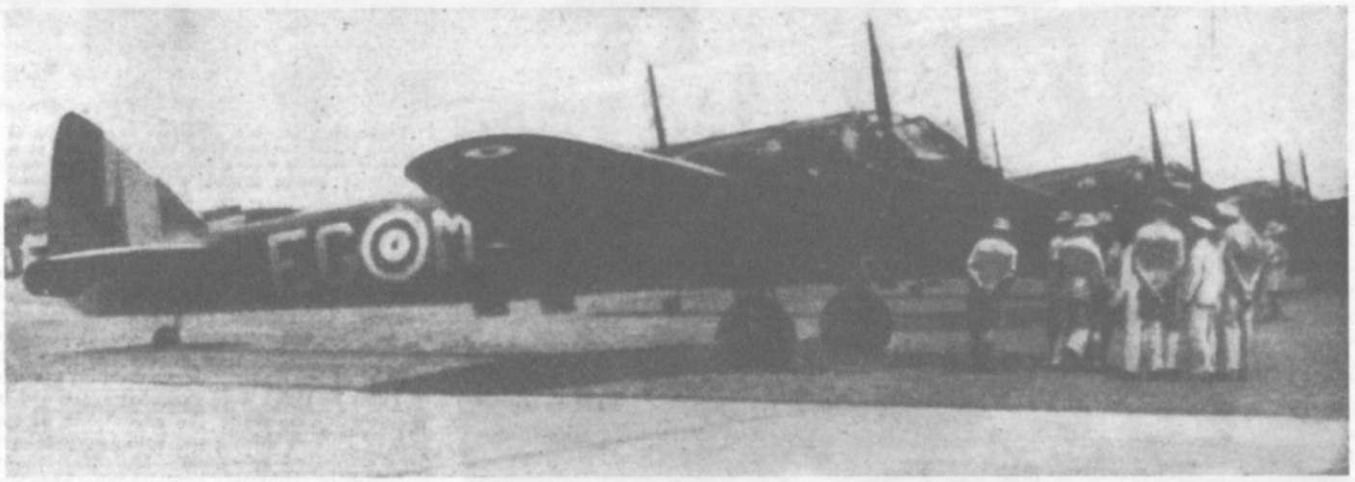
BRITISH SUBMARINES are based at Singapore, and above are a few of them alongside H.M.S. Medway, a depot and repair ship of 14,650 tons which can mother 18 submarines.

The Singapore Volunteer Corps, part of the Straits Settlements Volunteer Force, before the war included infantry, artillery and signal and engineer sections. Now an armoured-car section (seen above) has been added to it.

ON March 30, 1941, it was announced from Singapore that further large reinforcements from Britain and India had arrived there. Air Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, speaking of the arrivals, said : " Our greatly increased strength in the Far East is a threat to none, but, on the contrary, a great stabilizing force and influence for peace. Already India and Australia have sent strong forces to this area, and they are continuing to play a most important part in maintaining the status quo in the Far East. It is a cause of considerable satisfaction to be able to record that the situation in other theatres of war is so favourable that forces from so far distant as the United Kingdom can not only be spared for this area, but can be transported safely in spite of the enemy's concentrated sea and air campaign." The majority of these reinforcements consists of famous Indian regiments, but also includes units from the British army ; artillery, infantry and mechanized units, as well as R.A.F.



MALAYA has also a regular native regiment, the Malay Regiment, for which there has been no lack of recruits since the outbreak of war. Here a detachment of the regiment, marching through the streets of Singapore on its way to Mosque parade, is saluting—" eyes left."



R.A.F. REINFORCEMENTS arrived in Singapore during March, together with artillery and infantry. Among the personnel coming from Britain were crack pilots, some of whom had brought down many enemy 'planes. The R.A.F. material included Blenheim bombers, some of which have long been operating in Eastern waters, for Singapore has for some considerable time been an Air base as well as a Naval and Military base.

Photos, Press Topics, Associated Press

The Battle for Keren Is Fought and Won

For six weeks the fate of Keren, stronghold of the Italian power in Eritrea, hung in the balance, as the garrison strove against the stranglehold exercised by General Platt and his Free French allies. Then on March 27 the British and Indians carried the last mountain ramparts by storm and entered the town in triumph. So ended what will always be regarded by the men of both sides as a great feat of arms.

IN peacetime Keren, or Cheren as it is sometimes spelt, is a pleasant place enough, one of the pleasantest towns in East Africa. Of its 10,000 inhabitants all are natives save about 700 Italians, who for a few hours a day work in the government offices or in the Italian banks, and then go home to spend the evenings on their verandas, looking out on their tropic gardens. It is an important trade centre, and from its market-place large quantities of tobacco, coffee, sisal, and bananas have passed by road or rail to Massawa, the Red Sea port 85 miles away, and thence to Italy. But Keren's days of pleasantness and peaceful prosperity came to an end when Italy entered the war; and early in February it found itself in the very front line—the principal objective of General Platt's victorious army, pressing on to the east from its capture of Agordat.

ADVANCES ON KEREN took place in the three directions indicated by the arrows in this map. 1, line of advance of the Free French troops along the coastal plain from the north-east. 2 and 3, lines of advance of the Imperial troops from the west. *Courtesy of the "Daily Express"*

Defended by a garrison reported to number at least 40,000 men, including Savoy Grenadiers—the Guards of Italy—with nearly 200 guns, it put up a determined resistance. Indeed, it was at Keren that there was witnessed the hardest fighting of any on all the African fronts. It was recognized as a key point of the defence of Eritrea, and months of preparation had made it a veritable stronghold. Nature, indeed, had intended it for that from the very beginning, for, set at the top of a plateau rising 6,000 feet above the plain, surrounded by precipices and jagged peaks, and approached by way of a steep gorge, it was in itself a natural fortress.

Early in February the British force glimpsed only four miles away the white houses and mosques gleaming in the sun, but high up, and divided from them by great slopes of rock; on February 6 the siege was begun. Up these formidable and grimly forbidding slopes General Platt now prepared to battle his way. By day and night streams of armoured cars, tanks, Bren-gun carriers, and long convoys of motor lorries moved to the foot of the plateau, while in front of them the way was blasted by the British and Indian sappers, and line after line, outpost after outpost, was carried by storm, or laboriously nibbled by the infantry.

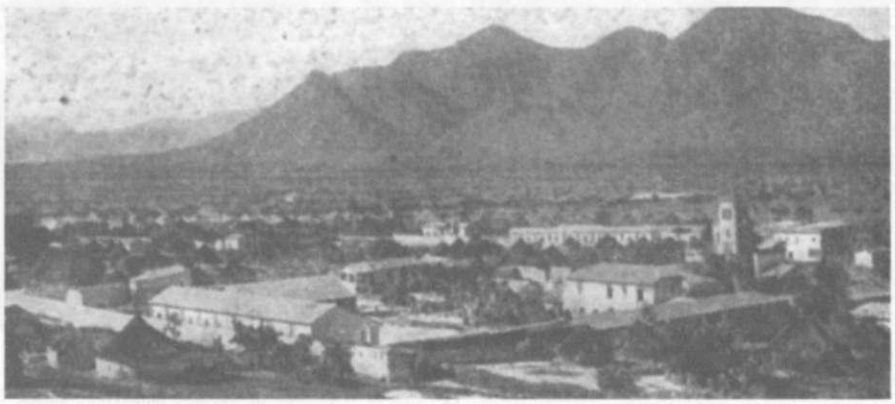
For about a month these preliminary operations continued. Then the attack began in real earnest on both sides of the road and railway which links Keren with Agordat. One column gradually edged its way up the slopes so as to attack Keren from the north, while a second, operating on the other side of the valley, approached it from the south. Then a third column, principally composed of Free French troops, fought their way along the road from Cub Cub in an attempt to cut the Italian communications with Asmara.

The real battle for Keren began at dawn on March 15, when Imperial troops—men from Clydeside and the Highlands, England's home counties and the Midlands, and of famous Indian regiments, Punjabis, Mahrattas, and Rajputs—fought their way up the almost sheer sides of three of the peaks commanding Keren, and carried them by assault. Their advance was preceded by a tremendous barrage, which for hours covered the peaks in a thick fog of smoke and dust, while 'planes of the R.A.F. and South African Air Force bombed and machine-gunned the Italian positions. A week passed, and the battle was still proceeding with ever rising fury. Tons of bombs were dropped on the Italians from the air, and on the ground the infantry were ever at grips with hand grenades and bayonets.

So fierce was the enemy resistance that several of the peaks which had been captured by the British and Indians had to be captured for a second time, and time and again the Italians delivered furious counter-attacks. One of the fiercest of these was hurled at the bare, forbidding heights of Fort Dologorodoc, just after it had been captured by the British. There was one moment when the charging Italians swept right through the British line and reached the headquarters of the brigade defending the fort, and by the light of the moon the Brigadier and his staff went into action with their revolvers in the hand-to-hand battle. Then with the Brigadier at their head the little garrison swept the Italians out of the fort and hurled them back far beyond their starting point, taking most of their mortars and guns and inflicting very heavy casualties.

Sunday, March 23, was the ninth day of the great battle, and still it raged furiously. In the sky the R.A.F. and their South African comrades fought the Italian 'planes which had now been flung into the battle, and on the ground British and Indian infantry toiled up the bullet-swept slopes, dodging here and there among the rocks, fighting an enemy who was ensconced on the heights far above, from which he dropped a deadly rain of hand grenades and small bombs.

Then the fighting reached its zenith in fury. While an Italian counter-attack was in progress against Fort Dologorodoc, a British force delivered a sudden and overwhelming onslaught on the foothills of the vital Sanchil peak, while an Indian unit wiped out the Italian battalion attacking Dologorodoc. After twelve counter-attacks delivered in 48 hours the Italians were sick and tired, and all around them the mountain-side was littered with their dead and wounded. On the night of March 26 General Platt—with whom was the Commander-in-Chief, General Sir Archibald Wavell, who was paying a flying visit to the front—decided that the moment had come for the final attack. First the sappers, British and Indian were sent along the road which had been blown up by the Italians, and after hours of work under heavy fire from the enemy they cleared the track, so that by the first light of morning the British mechanized columns surged forward and charged the Italian positions. Arrived at the top of the plateau, the British and Indian infantry, shouting and cheering, swept forward and rushed the town, from which the Italians were already in full retreat down the road to Asmara. So at 7 o'clock on the morning of March 27 Keren fell. Four days later Asmara, too, capitulated.



THE KEY TOWN OF ERITREA, Keren, whose fall finally sealed the fate of the Italian colony, lies on a plateau 6,000 feet above sea level and is surrounded by hills which were the scene of desperate fighting. In the twelve days preceding its fall on March 27, over 120 tons of bombs were dropped in the Keren area by the R.A.F. and S.A.F. *Photo, E.N.A.*

OUR SEARCHLIGHT ON THE WAR

Brazilian Ship Bombed by Nazis

CAPTAIN MARIO TINOCO, master of the 7,000-ton Brazilian steamer Taubate, arrived at Alexandria on March 26 complaining that four days earlier his ship was attacked by a German aeroplane, despite the fact that she was flying two large Brazilian flags. One of his crew was killed and twelve were injured. The Captain's dog received a bullet in the shoulder, but this had been extracted and the animal now appeared quite well. The Nazi first released four bombs, swooping down to within 200 yards of the vessel. None scored a direct hit, but the nearest, 50 yards away, caused some damage below the water line. The enemy then flew repeatedly over the ship firing machine-guns and shells from small cannon. The crew frantically waved white sheets, but without avail, so, having no defences, prepared to abandon their ship. The aeroplane then concentrated its fire on the life-boats, which were badly damaged. Only when the raider had exhausted all his ammunition did he make off. The radio operator of the Taubate, who had been slightly wounded when his wireless cabin was shelled, at last got out a signal, with the result that British fighters arrived. "It was a grand sight," said Captain Tinoco, "but though we sent them off in the direction we had last seen the German, I doubt if they were in time to catch him."

Food Convoys for Bombed Towns

WITH the consent of H.M. the Queen the new Ministry of Food convoys for carrying food and comforts to badly bombed towns are to be called "Queen's Messengers." These units will consist of a water tanker holding 300 gallons, two food lorries, each containing 6,000 meals, two kitchen lorries equipped with soup boilers, fuel and utensils, and three mobile canteens to distribute the food. Each of these canteens has six containers for six gallons of vegetable stew, which will keep hot for four hours. Five motor cyclists to make and maintain contact with local authorities complete the convoy. There will be a fleet of eighteen Queen's Messengers. The first is the gift of Her Majesty; the remainder are being presented by the American Allied War Relief Organization. Each convoy costs about £5,000. They will be attached to the headquarters of each divisional food area and will stand ready to rush (at a speed of about 40 m.p.h.) to succour the homeless people of a bombed town.

Railings into Tanks

THE railings which for two hundred years preserved the gardens of Berkeley Square from contamination by the lower classes were recently removed and are now suffering a transformation in order to take part in the battle for democracy. Old metal collected by the Iron and Steel Control of the Ministry of Supply is sent to an ironworks to be turned into raw material for war purposes. Here scrap such as the Berkeley Square railings is cut by a species of enormous shears into lengths of a convenient size, which are then passed into drums to have the paint removed, an operation known as "rumbling." After this the pieces are packed into iron boxes and heated in furnaces to a temperature of 1,300 degrees Centigrade. Hefty workmen, well protected from the heat and wielding pairs of tongs, seize the great chunks of red-hot metal and toss them to and fro through rollers, which so shape them that eventually what emerges is a new bar of iron measuring anything up to 80 feet in length. This is the raw material which goes to the armament works and may eventually become part of a tank, a destroyer, or a Bren gun.

Polish School of Medicine

OPENED at Edinburgh on March 22, the Polish School of Medicine was described as "the first demonstration by the scientific world against Hitler's 'new order.'" The inaugural ceremony took place in the McEwan Hall, the Vice-Chancellor, Sir Thomas Holland, presiding. The School has been provided for the Polish Government by the Senatus of Edinburgh University and the first to benefit by its establishment will be doctors who, although they had completed their studies in Poland, were unable, owing to the war, to sit for their final examination. The President of Poland, Dr. Raczkiewicz, was presented for the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws in the University.

WROUGHT-IRON RAILINGS, which have stood in Berkeley Square, London, for two centuries, have been removed from their aristocratic quarters to serve democracy as raw material for war purposes.

Photo, Keystone

Two Britons Take a Town

AN episode that occurred during the conquest of Italian Somaliland, in which the town and district of Roccolittorio surrendered to two British officials, was recently revealed by Nairobi G.H.Q. It appears that one morning a South African Air Force machine flew over the town dropping not bombs but leaflets. These informed the stricken populace that the following day the aircraft would land with supplies and would evacuate the sick and women and children. Next day the bomber punctually made its appearance and effected a landing. Out of it stepped a British political officer and an interpreter. They were greeted by the chief Italian officials, who agreed to the surrender of the town and the district. Supplies brought by the aircraft were unloaded for distribution, and arrangements made for the evacuation of invalids and children to the hospital at Mogadishu.

Children in Uniform

STANDARDIZED clothes make for economy, and women advisers to the Board of Trade have recommended that, particularly in the case of children's clothes, manufacturers should introduce standard sizes, styles and colours. Fewer styles would demand fewer types of cloth, and this would prevent wastage of yarn. Standard sizes would result in conservation of stocks and in economies in manufacture, distribution and consumption. If these proposals take effect children will probably not object, for the average boy, at any rate, hates to be made conspicuous, his aim being to look as much like his contemporaries as possible. But women may not take so kindly to the plan if it is applied to their own clothes, despite its success in the U.S.A.

'QUEEN'S MESSENGERS' is the title given to these mobile canteens which Her Majesty, accompanied by Lord Woolton, is seen inspecting at Buckingham Palace. They are intended to drive straight to bombed streets during a raid and serve food to the homeless.

Photo, P.N.A.

They Have Won Honours in Freedom's Cause

Gnr. D. J. E. Roberts, Royal Artillery, **G.M.,** for rescuing one of the crew of a burning Wellington bomber.

L.-Sergt. E. A. Provins, R.A., G.M., for leading the rescue party of which Gnr. Roberts was a member.

R.Q.M.S. David Borthwick, M.M., for rescuing victims trapped in a Bristol shelter which suffered a direct hit.

Major R. J. Williams, of Toronto, **M.C.,** for gallantry. He is the first Canadian to receive the M.C. in this war.

C.Q.M.S. A. J. Mitchell, Grenadier Guards, **D.C.M.,** for conspicuous bravery and fine leadership at Dunkirk.

Sgt. David Lorimer, D.F.M., for shooting down an Me.109 during a raid on Hamburg, thus saving the aircraft in which he was gunner.

Pilot Officer E. S. Lock, D.F.C., **D.S.O.,** for landing his 'plane safely with both legs injured and an arm broken.

Assist. Sect. Officer F. H. Hanbury, O.B.E., Military Div. for service in operational commands of R.A.F.

Sqn. Ldr. N. G. Mulholland, D.F.C., for taking photographs of Kiel and the results of Mannheim raids.

Pilot-Sgt. R. N. Stubbs, of the R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve, **D.F.M.,** for gallantry and devotion to duty during air operations.

Stoker J. J. Collins, of Belfast, **D.S.M.,** for displaying outstanding courage and daring at Dunkirk.

Second-Hand P. J. Green, D.S.M., for rescuing two injured men on a trawler during attack by enemy 'planes.

Ldg. Wren N. Williams, telepone operator, **B.E.M.,** for remaining at her post at aerodrome during raids.

C.P.O. Charles M. Felcey, D.S.M., for courage and enterprise and resource during patrols by H.M. submarines.

Seaman U. Peters, R.N.R., **D.S.M.** for displaying conspicuous courage against the enemy and devotion to duty.

Chief Constable Bolt, of Dover, **O.B.E.,** for displaying courage and devotion to duty during air attacks.

Chief Inspector Stacy, of Southampton, **M.B.E.,** for conspicuous gallantry and initiative during air raids.

Chief Supt. P. Chatfield, of Southampton, **M.B.E.,** for outstanding qualities of leadership and courage.

Stn. Sergt. W. E. Douglas, Metropolitan Police, **G.M.,** for rescuing two girls imprisoned in wrecked house.

P.-C. J. P. James, Metropolitan Police, **G.M.,** for rescuing people trapped under wreckage of bombed flats.

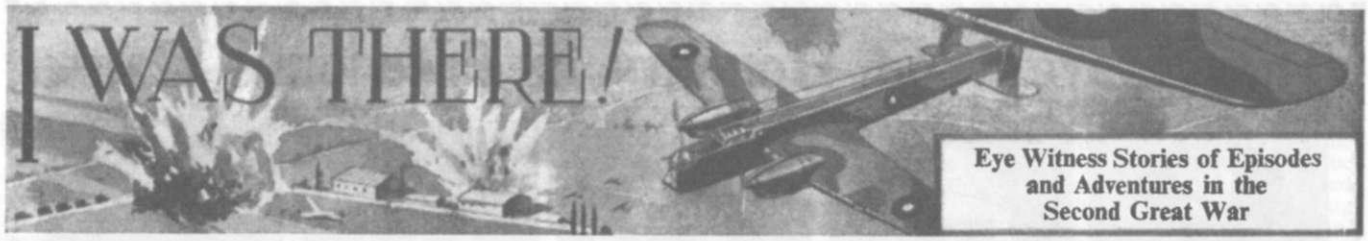
Dispatch Rider S. E. G. Bradford, London A.F.S., **G.M.,** for clearing away wreckage until he was overcome by gas fumes.

Miss G. Tanner, London A.F.S., **G.M.,** for driving a lorry through burning streets to refuel fire pumps during raids on the city.

Sect. Officer J. C. Sargent, of Tottenham Fire Brigade, **O.B.E.,** for displaying outstanding courage in fighting oil fires.

A.F.S. Driver W. Eustace, O.B.E., for displaying great coolness and courage in driving an A.F.S. canteen among falling bombs.

Sect. Officer S. A. Wright, of Luton A.F.S., **G.M.,** for assisting to save 20,000 tons of oil from a fire blazing among oil tanks.



We Spotted and Sank Two Italian Boats

The story of how the British submarine Parthian attacked an escorted convoy of Italian ships bound for Albania, and sank two of them, was told by her captain when the Parthian reached port. Here is Commander Rimington's story in his own words.

COMMANDER M. G. RIMINGTON, D.S.O., captain of the Parthian, said that he encountered a convoy, probably bound for Albania, off the toe of Italy, and after sinking two ships, managed to get away despite a six-hours hot chase by Italian anti-submarine vessels.

He continued: "We spotted a convoy of three vessels escorted by a small warship. I drew a bead on the first and second vessels—a 6,000-ton cargo steamer and a 10,000-ton tanker—and fired a salvo of three torpedoes at each.

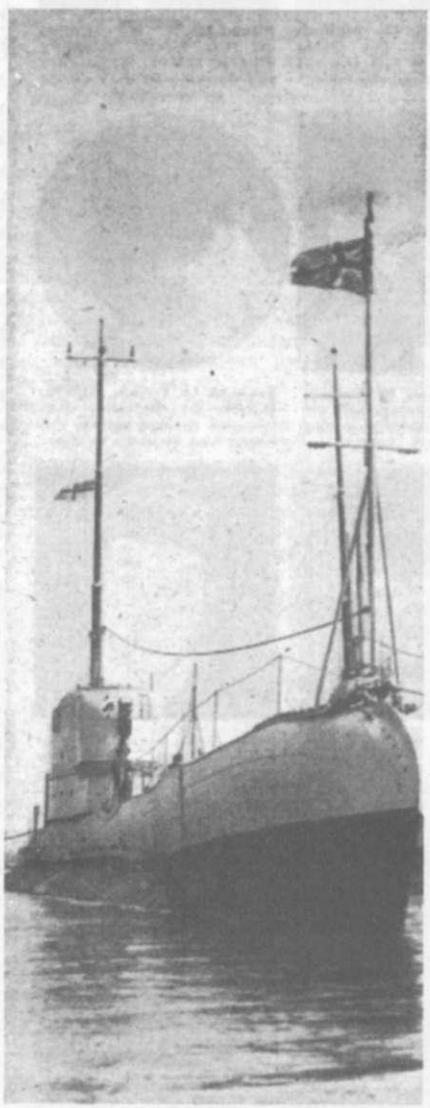
"Although we submerged immediately, I heard four explosions of terrific force. This led me to believe that each vessel had been hit by two torpedoes."

Within twenty minutes anti-submarine vessels had arrived from the Italian coast. Prior to their arrival the submarine's instruments showed that the engines of only two of the four Italian ships were turning.

"That made it a certainty that the steamer and tanker had been sunk," Commander Rimington said.

"Then the first depth charges—a series of five—dropped very close to the submarine, shaking the ship severely. They kept on dropping them for about six hours."

CDR. M. G. RIMINGTON, D.S.O., R.N., who recently sank two enemy transports in an escorted convoy, has had three previous successes with his submarine, H.M.S. Parthian. *Photo, G.P.U.*



H.M.S. PARTHIAN, which so far has damaged one enemy cruiser, sunk one submarine and sunk two merchantmen and a tanker, was completed in 1930. She has eight 21-inch torpedo tubes and carries a complement of 50. *Photo, Wright & Logan*

What My Day on the Farm Is Like

Farm work is hard and monotonous, but its regular rhythm as the seasons go round forms part of its attraction. So, at least, found the writer of the following article—one of the many town-dwelling women with a love of country life who have joined up in the Land Army.

MY working day begins at seven, and I was glad when, for the first time this year, I was able to finish my breakfast with the curtains drawn back and by daylight. A cold, rather raw daylight, but daylight, nevertheless.

I go to work by a footpath alongside a straggling hedge, and as I went a gleaming yellowhammer flirted and darted ahead of me. His chant about a little bit of bread and no cheese seemed more than usually poignant. I sympathized; it is many weeks now that honey has taken the place of cheese in my lunch-basket.

As I turned into the farmyard I noticed a van down the lane by the rickyard, and two men and our foreman and one of our horses. We have talked of selling one for some time, so I paid little attention, except to wonder idly that they had brought an open van instead of a horse-box. I let the cows out from the lodge into the yard, then thought I might as well step through the hay barn to see what they had decided about Prince.

I slipped the latch, and as I stepped over the threshold I saw the two strangers, one holding the horse's halter, the other apparently fondling his muzzle. There was a sudden, not very loud crack, and the great horse crumpled, toppled over and lay still, without a quiver. Our foreman called out something to me about being "too late," and as I walked toward them I found myself bewilderedly saying, "But . . . but . . . why?" He was not so young, I knew, but he had been a useful horse, and nothing wrong with him but a maddening habit of backing erratically, so that I renamed him "Waltzing Matilda." "'Cos he's worth more to 'un dead nor alive," said our foreman baldly, but I could see he, too, was shaken. And there it was, and the horse lay still in the cold, raw morning air. One learns to accept death on a farm, but I admit that Prince's haunted me all day. . . .

The calves were clamouring for their breakfast. I have ten on hand at the moment, all under a month old and two of them in the weaning stage, where they have to be taught to drink from the pail. They are clumsy, foolish pupils. At first the pail means nothing to them, and they nuzzle me or even send me flying head over heels. Then they suck furiously at the finger I half-submerge in the warm milk and gruel. After a day or two they need only the tip of a finger at their lips, and within a week they are greedily drinking without any help, tails wagging furiously as the warm drink disappears.

Then the usual round of littering, foddering

In this page a member of the Women's Land Army describes her working day. Here a member, stationed at the Northamptonshire Institute of Agriculture, is seen mothering an orphan lamb. *Photo, Keystone*

I WAS THERE!

the cows, putting out their tea ration, bulk and concentrates, clearing up the cow lodge, feeding the hens.

And so at last to the real job of the day. At present we are laboriously engaged in draining a nasty two-acre bit with almost no fall in it, so that every spit has to be considered carefully to get the most out of it. The boss and the foreman are doing the digging. My job is to put in the tiles, and then bush up with hedge trimmings to within nine inches of the top, and finally throw back the sodden clay heaped on the edge—yard after heavy, back-breaking yard of it, almost every forkful having to be dragged off the fork with my boot and then prodded off my boot with the fork! For the first day or two one's mind rebels at the apparently insensate, monotonous drudgery of it, and then it becomes almost second nature, and one just goes on and on, sticking the fork in, levering and prising, jerking and shaking, scraping and kicking and stamping and plodding on.

The Farmer's Work Never Done!

I used to think, as many town-dwelling "country lovers" have thought, that farm work was so gloriously various. Six weeks of muck-carting gave me a sort of idea I might be mistaken. Now I know that, bar the occasionally erupting odd jobs, hardly any farm work is done in a day: most of it just goes on and on. But after the first shock of realizing this one accepts it not merely as inevitable, but as right and proper and enjoyable.

There has not been one job that I have not liked, nor one—except hedging and ditching—of which I have not been heartily sick and tired, and yet when it comes round again next season, one goes at it with zest. I think it is the sense of continuity that exalts one. A curious, fascinating, fatal, enduring exaltation which probably does much to explain why farmers so seldom give up the life despite all their grumbling, most of which is so thoroughly justified.

These thoughts and others were running round my mind as I plodded and floundered all day, with just the half-hour break for "beaver" and the hour for dinner. I stick to my townee habits of evening dinner, as I have no time to cook as well as eat, and at one o'clock I merely heat some stock and drop an egg in at the last minute, or fry up some cold potatoes or rice or lentils.

At last it was four o'clock, and I unstuck my fork for the last time and went up to the farm to milk, and feed my calves again, and do all the other routine stockyard jobs which take an hour and a half at the end of every day.—"*Manchester Guardian.*"

THE WOMEN'S LAND ARMY has been joined by women and girls from many different walks of life, but it has not taken long for them to become proficient in their new duties. The land girl above was formerly a nurse; now she attends to newly born calves with the same skill she once showed in attending her human patients. *Photo, "Daily Mirror"*

This woman, an expert tractor driver and instructor, now working at the Sparsholt Agricultural Institute, near Winchester, was formerly a commercial artist. Her machine is drawing both a disk harrow and an ordinary harrow. *Photo, L.N.A.*

Our Squadron Had a Busy 45 Minutes

R.A.F. fighter squadrons scouting over the Channel and the coast of occupied France sometimes return from their patrols without seeing a unit of the Luftwaffe; sometimes, as told in the following eye-witness story, a squadron has a short but lively encounter with the enemy.

At 4 o'clock one day a pilot officer, out with his Spitfire squadron over occupied France, was hoping the Luftwaffe would answer the challenge.

For 20 minutes the Spitfires flew up the French coast. Suddenly three Me.109s streaked over, and seven more came from almost straight ahead.

Here, in the words of the pilot officer, is what happened:

"I pulled straight up and opened fire on the leader. Almost instantaneously there was a great burst of flame aft of the pilot.

"My machine stalled and I let her spin until I had lost about 5,000 feet. I then climbed again after the enemy formation, which had turned north. There were only five machines now, and they were descending.

"I opened fire on the rearmost aircraft and got in three bursts. The enemy aircraft turned right and half rolled. Faint white mist came from under the starboard wing root. I was forced to break contact when the remainder interfered.

"As I was flying back over the Channel I saw an Me. 109 stalk and shoot at the squadron leader's Spitfire, and then do a climbing turn to the left. The enemy aircraft had not observed me, and I opened fire when some way off, closing to point-blank range. This Me. 109 had large black numerals and a bright green nose.

"I turned to continue the engagement, but broke away on seeing the enemy aircraft emitting dense clouds of black smoke and flames from its starboard side."

It was 4.45 p.m. when the pilot officer landed, 45 minutes from the time his adventures began.

After landing he learned that a sergeant in his squadron had shot down another of the Me. 109s, that his squadron leader had made a forced landing on the coast and was safe, though wounded.

I WAS THERE!

I Flew Back on the Other Pilot's Lap

An amazing feat was performed by a South African airman who landed a single-seater fighter 'plane on an enemy aerodrome under heavy fire, picked up a shot-down fellow pilot, and flew him safely home. The rescued pilot tells the story here in his own words.

THE airman who showed such remarkable pluck and resource was Lieutenant R. H. Kershaw, No. 3 Squadron, South African Air Force, who was awarded the D.S.O. for his gallantry.

While a flight of Hurricanes was operating over Diredawa aerodrome, the Flight Commander was compelled to make a forced landing. Describing the incident he said:

"When the shot hit my aircraft, smoke began to pour into the cockpit and blinded me. I was forced to land and was just going to set fire to my machine and run into the bush when I noticed another of the pilots of my flight circling around and firing at enemy troops to keep them away from me.

"I never dreamed he would land, for anti-aircraft guns were firing at him continuously, and I was just about to rush for the bush when I heard him shouting to me.

"When I saw he had landed I ran as fast as I could and climbed on to one of his wings, but his engine was revving so hard that I was blown off again by blast from the airscrew. I then tried to climb on to the pilot's back and shoulders as he was taxying back to the end of the aerodrome with the Italians firing at us all the time.

"We realized, however, that I should not be able to stay on clinging to his shoulders, so I climbed over his head on to his lap and got my feet on to the rudder bar. So, with enemy guns still bombarding the aerodrome we got off. It was a pretty good take-off. I worked the stick and rudder, and the pilot from underneath me operated the flap and undercarriage levers. We flew quite normally back to our base and made a successful landing."

Other pilots in the squadron who had seen their leader with smoke pouring from his aircraft were amazed when they returned to find him safely back at the aerodrome.

Lieutenant Kershaw himself was reluctant to discuss the gallant rescue of his commander. All he had to say was, "It wasn't very comfortable with two of us in the cockpit."

DIREDAWA, here viewed from the air, was occupied by South African troops on March 29. Diredawa is the third city of Abyssinia, and in capturing it the British cut the Addis-Ababa-Jibuti railway and closed the net around the Abyssinian capital. *Photo, Associated Press*

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

SATURDAY, MARCH 29 — *574th day*

IN THE AIR.—Bomber and Coastal Command aircraft attacked enemy shipping off Dutch and French coasts.

WAR AGAINST ITALY.—Diredawa (Abyssinia) captured.

Advance towards Asmara progressing; prisoners total 3,775. R.A.F. heavily bombed Asmara. Other targets were encampment near Gondar; transport north of Dessie and in Awash area; railway station at Meta Hari.

R.A.F. raided Tripoli during nights of 28–29 and 29–30.

HOME FRONT.—Train in East Anglia machine-gunned. Night raid on place in Bristol Channel area. Junkers destroyed over North Sea.

GREEK WAR.—Athens reported violent artillery and patrol activity. R.A.F. made offensive reconnaissances against villages of Berat, Dukai and Dukati.

BALKANS.—Yugoslav reservists called up.

SUNDAY, MARCH 30 — *575th day*

ON THE SEA.—French shore batteries in Algeria fired on British light naval forces intercepting French convoy suspected of carrying German war material. H.M. ships returned fire, but allowed convoy to proceed to Nemours.

IN THE AIR.—Coastal Command aircraft sank anti-submarine vessel off mouth of Loire.

Heavy night attack on Brest, where warships Scharnhorst and Gneisenau were sheltering. Channel invasion ports, particularly Calais, bombed.

WAR AGAINST ITALY.—R.A.F. attacked transport concentrations in Dessie and Alomata areas. Harbour at Astropalia (Dodecanese) raided.

Enemy attempted to raid Malta during nights of 29–30 and 30–31.

HOME FRONT.—Some activity off E. and W. coasts. Bombs fell in N. Scotland and S. England. Junkers shot down near Middlesbrough.

GREEK WAR.—R.A.F. bombed military targets at Elbasan.

GENERAL.—All Italian, German and Danish ships in U.S.A. ports seized to prevent sabotage.

MONDAY, MARCH 31 — *576th day*

IN THE AIR.—Two tankers fired off Le Havre by Bomber Command. Destroyer off Frisian Islands twice hit. Troops and gun-emplacements on islands of Terschelling and Ameland bombed and machine-gunned. Direct hit scored on supply ship in convoy.

Night attacks on Emden, where powerful new bomb was used, Bremen, Bremerhaven, Oldenburg, and on petroleum harbour at Rotterdam.

WAR AGAINST ITALY.—Advance towards Asmara continuing. Troops progressing westwards beyond Diredawa. Operations proceeding in Negelli and Yavello areas.

In Libya British were in contact with enemy infantry and mechanized units in Mersa Brega area.

R.A.F. attacked targets in Dessie-Assab sector. During night of 30–31 shipping and docks at Tripoli were heavily raided.

HOME FRONT.—Sharp night raid on N.E. coast town causing severe damage. Bombs also fell in S. and S.W. England and S. Wales.

GREEK WAR.—Athens reported that Italian fortified height had been occupied and 200 prisoners taken.

Successful R.A.F. raid on troops and motor transport moving on Buzi-Glave road.

BALKANS.—German Note to Yugoslavia demanded apology, ratification of Pact and demobilization.

GENERAL.—Six Axis ships scuttled by their crews in S. American ports.

TUESDAY, APRIL 1 — *577th day*

IN THE AIR.—R.A.F. attacked German shipping and coastal gun emplacements in course of patrols of French and Dutch coasts. Enemy merchant vessel torpedoed off Denmark.

WAR AGAINST ITALY.—Asmara, capital of Eritrea, surrendered.

Cairo reported that penetration into southern Abyssinia was enlarging particularly north of Lake Rudolf.

R.A.F. bombed aerodromes in Tripolitania.

HOME FRONT.—Bombs dropped by single aircraft at points near south and east coasts.

Raiders attempted number of small attacks on aerodromes. Most were ineffective but at one station there were casualties and some damage done to buildings.

Five enemy bombers destroyed. German aircraft crashed in Eire.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2 — *578th day*

ON THE SEA.—Admiralty announced that Italian destroyer of Pantera class, attempting to escape from Massawa, had been sunk by naval aircraft. German merchant ship Bertram Rickmers, which had left Massawa, was intercepted by H.M.S. Kandahar.

British submarine in Mediterranean reported having sunk Italian U-boat and tanker.

H.M. paddle minesweeper Lorna Doone, attacked by three Dorniers, shot down one and damaged another.

IN THE AIR.—During patrols off Dutch coast, Blenheim bomber scored four hits on armed merchant ship, leaving her sinking.

Bomber and Coastal Command aircraft attacked enemy patrol vessels and aerodromes at Haamstede, Maupertuis and Caen.

WAR AGAINST ITALY.—Cairo reported that in Libya operations north-east of Mersa Brega were continuing and our advanced elements were withdrawing.

In Eritrea enemy retreating from Asmara in south and south-easterly direction.

Operations in Abyssinia developing successfully.

HOME FRONT.—Bombs fell during day at place in East Anglia and village on N.E. coast of Scotland. One enemy aircraft destroyed.

GREEK WAR.—Athens reported that enemy attempted to regain redoubt captured on Monday, but were repulsed with loss.

Three out of four Italian bombers attempting to raid Volos destroyed by R.A.F.